“Introduction”

This is an assemblage of poetry and haiku I’ve written over the course of my life in my spare time. Nothing was forced with this work. It had no direction or timeframe and, like a river eating away at stone, was approached with gentle persistence. It is a collection of self-reflection, emotions & experiences I’ve tried to capture. Whatever brings you here, you’re welcome.

Table of Contents

- Moths (page 1)
- Milk Thistle (page 2)
- Lehua (page 3)
- Love (page 4)
- Unraveled (page 5)
- Wild Onion (page 6)
- Like Grass Does (page 7)
- Evergreen (page 8)
- Streams (page 9)
- Feather (page 10)
- Fortune (page 11)
- Crickets (page 12)
- Hike (page 13)
- Sunshine (page 14)
- Runner's High (page 15)
- Old Man (page 16)
- Palm Trees (page 17)
- Webs (page 18)
- Undying (page 19)
- Selfish (page 20)
- Quail (page 21)
- Hush (page 22)
- Zephyr (page 23)
- 1116 (page 24)
- Lost Time (page 25)
- Ground Squirrel (page 26)
- The Cold (page 27)
- 4 A.M. (page 29)
- Now (page 30)
- Change (page 31)
- Grime (page 32)
- Cracks (page 33)
- Teeth (page 34)
- Baby (page 35)
- Chapters (page 36)
- Bored (page 37)
- Longing (page 38)
- Not what you think (page 39)
- Truth (page 40)
- Bones (page 41)
- Wrong side of the bed (page 42)
- Lake Tahoe (page 43)
- Rumination (page 44)
- A lie (page 45)
- Tacenda (page 46)
- Ants (page 47)
- Saunter (page 48)
- Fall (page 49)
- Grapevine (page 50)
- Letting go (page 51)

Moths

I love what hurts me.
Ignited; moving closer.
Fate, sealed at first glance.

Milk Thistle

The dry crunch of leaves.
A draft pierces my sinus.
Brisk days; humid dusk.

Lehua

You remind me of the Lehua flower and cherry blossoms.
Gentle love in twisted flame—
You & I are one and the same.
Separation is an illusion, and so is our pain.

Love

Beds of sunflowers.
My loyalty is boundless.
You're ethereal.

Unraveled

Your affection felt sent from above.
Young and unaware of the people we'd become.
Through thick and thin- when everything was said and done,
I've learned so much from falling in and out of love.

Wild Onion

The sun tiptoes through.
Dirty hands. Artless soil.
This feels like freedom.

Like Grass Does

Inching—
Like grass does.
Waving in the wind—
Stay firm.
Growing day by day.

Evergreen

Slowly evergreen.
Stretch out your limbs and smile.
There will be seasons.

Streams

Mind a running creek–
Passing by with poise and ease.
Fallen leaves on streams.

Feather

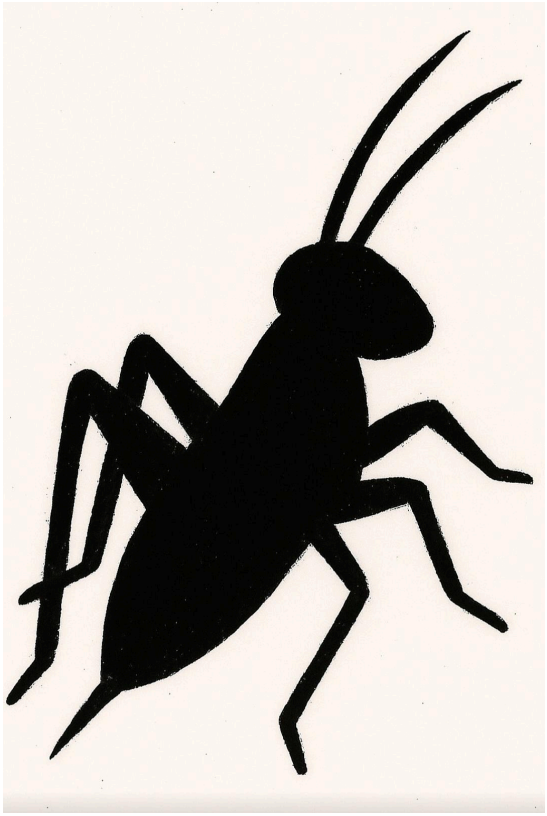
Still ever-changing.
Riding the flow of it all—
Light as a feather.

Fortune

It's all right there in front of you.
Valor in that smirk, my friend—
These little things cost nothing—
and have no end.

Crickets

What dedication.
Rehearsing their charming tunes,
Throughout moonlit nights.



Hike

I need a new trail.
A trackless path far from home,
Where life awaits me.

Sunshine

Open; embracing.
Rallied by your company.
I'm alive and well.

Runner's High

Just before twilight,
Dogged steps meet the song of birds.
Entranced by it all.

Old Man

Labored footsteps graze rotting hardwood.
Sips of vodka behind the warmth of a stove.
Scraps for the animals;
Quiet remembrance of time passed.
A full belly and good rest—
What more could you ask?

Palm Trees

Under the palm trees—
Where my heart and mind laze still.
Toes tilling the sand.

Webs

The weaving of webs.
We know what idle hands are.
Building our lives here.

Undying

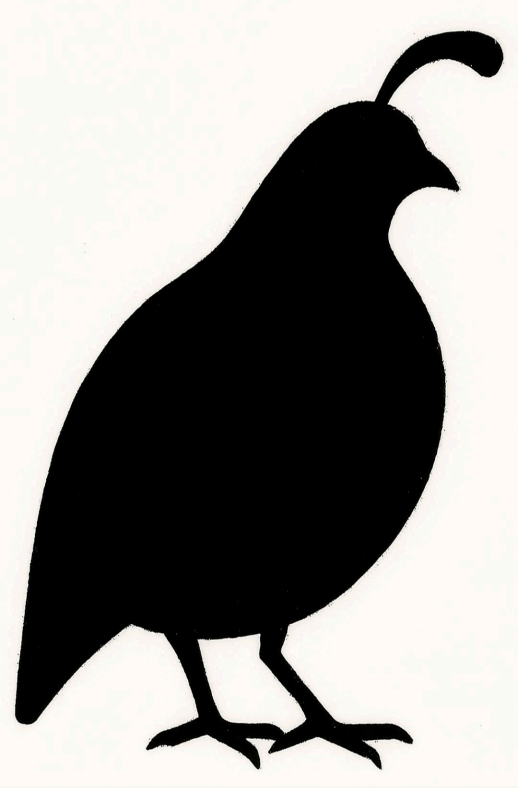
Lives collide.
A distant dream veiled within my mind.
Preoccupied with words I'd never find,
I loved you in a place where there is no space or time.

Selfish

Flowers in a vase will eventually die.
I liked me better with the thought of you as treasure in my mind—
But I know nothing lasts forever,
Your disdain's a guilty pleasure—
When your heart is as fraught and severed as mine.

Quail

How adorable—
The wobbling plume and those feet.
Pride in your bevy.



Hush

The future's a dream—
The past is a memory.
Now is all there is.

Zephyr

You were bright like city nights.
A biting zephyr to your charm.
I was but a beam of light,
A relic, dwindled in your arms.

1116

The road hasn't been smooth—
At times, it’s hard to say “I love you.”
I’m making changes to show you it’s true—
And I’m hoping you will too.

Lost Time

Nights turn into sun's rise—
Heart-to-hearts, crass jokes over cheap pints.
What was doesn't matter as long as you try.
What a blessing it is—
making up for lost time.

Ground Squirrel

Dear little ground squirrel—
I aspire to be you.
Free to roam God's Earth.

The Cold

The air is biting.
Wet concrete under dim shine,
Seasons plodding by.

4 A.M.

Rolling through pitch-black,
Under bawling skies, Unbarred—
While the world stands still.

Now

Slow down and sigh.
Breath in—
Breath out—
and clear your mind.
Nothing's new under the sun—
Yet you're one of a kind.
Brave it because you can—
You're a blink in forever's eye.

Change

From a birds-eye view.
Body of running water—
Heightened like wild weeds.

Grime

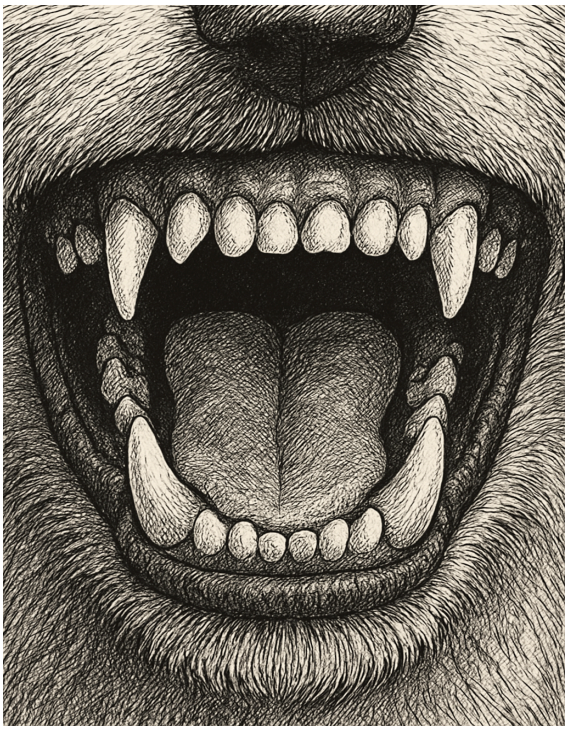
Dirty.
Painful.
Low.
An honest impurity.
So much stems from this.

Cracks

These pressures of life make me wish I was made of coal.
It's what tries to break us that makes us whole—
There comes a healing in having faith In the unknown—
These cracks of mine, now filled with gold.

Teeth

Once a heart so pure.
Look at what you've done for me—
Baring my teeth now.

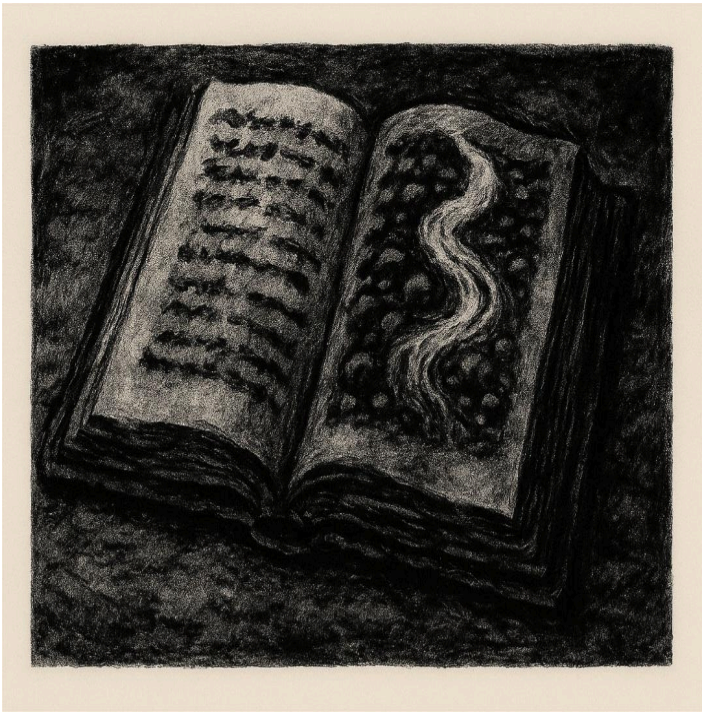


Baby

Bask in our sun, love.
The whole world is your playground.
What great things you'll do.

Chapters

The turn of a page—
Like deep breaths of open air.
It's been forever.



Bored

My lungs breathe—
My skin bleeds—
and my eyes see.
My feet move—
My heart feels—
and my mind dreams.
What's there to be bored about?
With so much going on—
And so much to be?

Longing

No safer place on earth—
with you in my arms, furled.
Your love is worth more than money, diamonds or pearls.
Laughing, growing together just kids in an ugly world—
I'll always hold that thought of you through whatever life hurls.

Not what you think

The world loves to tell us who we are—
Irrelevant when the picture’s enlarged.
Those opinions, unlike the stars—
won't light the way when our paths get dark.

Truth

When it’s honey and clear heavens—
Or when it’s bedlam and rough—
There's always verity—
If you look hard enough.
In all of our efforts—
and things left undone—
There’s truth to be found everywhere—
In everything—
and everyone.

Bones

Change never changes—
Here today and gone tomorrow.
Sandcastles shoreside.

Wrong side of the bed

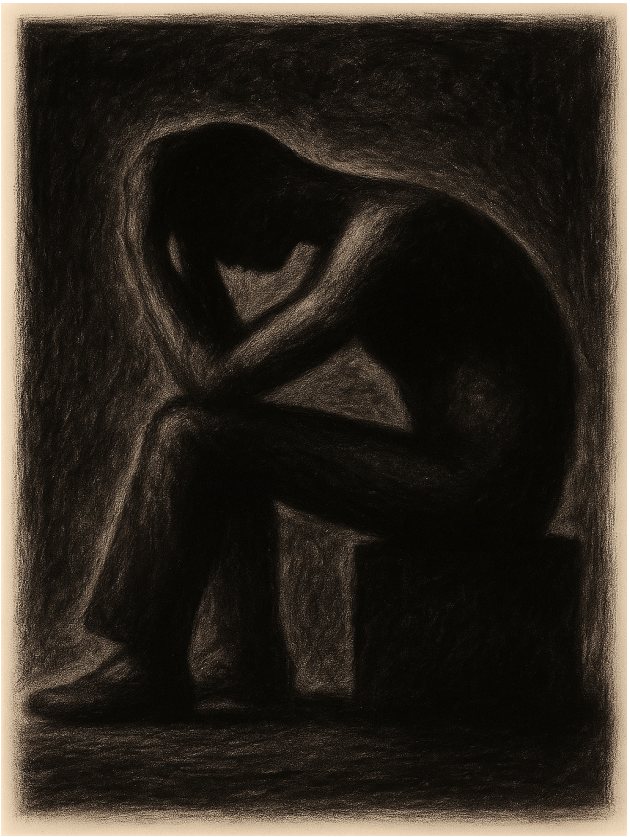
A morning warble—
Of birds in the trees and skies—
Settle my brooding.

Lake Tahoe

Laughing this much hurts.
Snowballs—
Beer caps—
Sleeping in.
What it's all about.

Rumination

No friends by my side to bolster this weight.
No family gathered to repair a broken faith.
Nowhere to go when your own mind isn't safe.
Left only in the company of my looming past mistakes.



A Lie

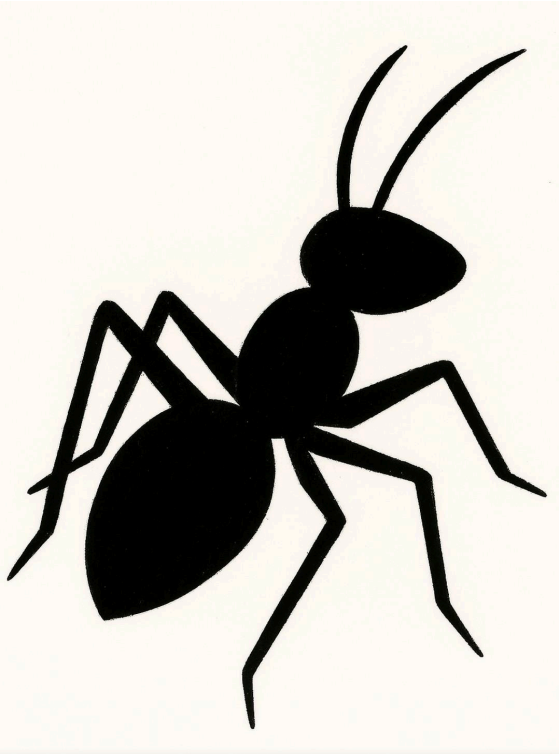
A lie can coddle and deceive—
Or give us opportunities to delude and flee.
The truth breaks you down to build you up—
Pries you open and sets you free.

Tacenda

Shared time spent so well—
You'll never know to what depth—
The ways I love you,
Words could never tell.

Ants

Searching restlessly—
Quite a duty to fulfill.
Closed mouths don't get fed.



Saunter

A chirp of the wild—
White noise, nature fills my lungs—
The sky, painted pink.

Fall

Broken apart—
Early November—
tame.
Sunlight kneading—
Prayer with each and every wake.
To stretch; begin a new—
Impervious and unscathed—
is a blessing I would never take for granted or forsake.

Grape Vine

Seconds turn into minutes—
Running rife.
Every moment met with an unending might—
Slowly and surely—
reaching to the sky.
Climbing grapevine.

Letting Go

Reprisal is a poison—
A casket-shaped hole.
It leaves a bitter taste—
Stained—
Infectious—
Killing, slow.
Why spoil the moment—
When tomorrow isn't known?
It's an act of self-love: letting be and letting go.